# No Money, no Friend.

The Spend-thrift he, when 'tis too late,‖And all good Men he doth adviſe,
Laments his ſad and Wretched ſtate: ‖That they would Merry be, and wiſe.

The Tune is, { *All you that do do deſire to play*
{ *At Cards, to paſs the time away.*

ALL you that freely ſpend your Coyn,
Come learn by this advice of mine;
That you no more ſo play the Fool,
Nor Tipple in the Fuddling-School:
For when that you have ſpent your ſtore,
Your Hoſt will turn you out o'th door.

This by experience I do know,
Who too too lately found it ſo:
Five hundred pound was left to me,
Which I conſum'd immediately:
And when my Money was all gone,
I like an Aſs was lookt upon.

While I had Gold and Silver ſtore,
I thought the world did me adore:
For then each falſe diſſembling Curr,
Would cry, your humble ſervant Sir:
But now my Money is all ſpent,
Too late, poor Fool, I do lament.

When I was in Proſperity,
Each Cap-lack that I paſſed by:
Would cringe and bow, and ſwear to be
My Servant to Eternity:
But now alas, my Money's gone,
And Servants I have never a one.

But now if to their Houſe I go,
E're drink they draw, they'l ſurely know,
If that my Pocket it will ſpeak,
Which is enough my heart to break:
If not, then he who was my friend,
Out of the door ſoon will me ſend.

Oh what a dreadful thing is this,
That I of all my Servants miſs:
And thoſe who did me oft invite,
To drink with them, now do me ſlight:
But if again I Money get,
I ſurely then ſhall have more wit.

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# The Second Part, to the same Tune.

Yet is not spending all the Crime,
For idly then I spent my time,
And rather then Companions lack,
I'de pick up every Idle Jack:
And he that would me Master call,
Should me command, my Purse and all.

The Pots is she would flatter then,
And say I was a pitty Man:
And this so tickled then mine ear,
That I my praise so oft did hear:
Come hang't said I, gib's 'tother Pot,
And thus I frolick'd every Sot.

At last I had no Money left,
And then was I of joys bereft:
My Pots and Pottis they did frown,
And said I was a Drunken Clown:
So then was I dispis'd by all,
That me before did Master call.

From Street to Street as I did pass,
Folks cry'd, there goes a Drunken Ass,
Who not long since had Money store,
But now no Creature is more poor:
For Pots and Pipes made him so low,
That like a Beggar he doth go.

Then who would pitty such a one,
Who could not keep himself alone,
If Wife and Children he had had,
The case had then been far more sad:
But he no pitty doth deserve,
If for a bit of Bread he starve.

This is the pitty I do find,
That when I had it was so kind,
To him that said he was my friend,
I'de give him Wine, and money lend:
But now my self I have undone,
My company all men do shun.

Let this my case a warning be,
That none may play the fool like me,
A greater plague there cannot be,
Then falling from Prosperity,
Into a state so deadly low,
Your nearest friends will not you know.

Account your Money as your Friend,
So shall you flourish to the end,
But when you come of friends to borrow,
It will but aggravate your sorrow:
To see how they will slight you then,
And say you are the worst of men.

Your Pot-Companions will you slight,
In whom they once did take delight:
And while your Money it doth last,
With Oaths they'l tye their friendship fast
But when that you have wasted all,
Then from you will your Servants fall.

Such Servants you may have good store,
Who help to eat you out of Door:
And by their drinking in Excess,
Will help to make you Moneyless,
Then Young-men warning take by me,
That of my Money was too free.

This doth my Passion much provoke,
To think when I am like to Choake,
Those that I heretofore did feast,
They will not mind me in the least:
Nor make me drink, who once were proud
To drink with me to be allow'd.

My Kindred and Relations near,
Who once did vow they lov'd me dear:
Will know me not, but me despise,
As loathsom to their scornful eyes:
For without Money there's no Friend,
And thus my Song in Woe doth End.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, F. Wright, F. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Passinger.*